

## Chapter 20 As Different as Day and Night

Erin was taken aback; she'd never thought that he would care about her. Her tone softened as she replied, "It's getting better. I'm almost fully recovered."

He nodded, satisfied with her answer.

He patted the seat next to him. "Come here."

"No thanks. If you have something you want to say, just say it." Erin was starting to panic and even took two steps backward.

Chandler chuckled. "You seem scared of me."

She sneered. "Right, it's not like you look like a monster; why would I be afraid of you?"

Though she claimed that she wasn't afraid, she still didn't get any closer to him.

Chandler didn't force her, either. He placed his coffee mug down and gave a sticky note that was on the table a light knock. "Find all the books that are on this list."

He'd asked her to come up to look for books?

Chandler continued reading the news, so Erin slowly moved toward him and picked up the sticky note. She was surprised to see that a few of the books on the list were design books that she'd wanted but hadn't ended up buying.

She looked around the office and moved a nearby chair toward the large bookshelf to pick out the books according to the list. Half an hour later, she'd found all 12 original copies of the books.

She placed them on the table and said, "I've found them. Can I go now?"

"You can go now." His voice was cold, and he was still reading his newspaper.

"Okay."

She was just about to leave when he said, "Take the books home with you."

Erin was astounded. So the books were for her!

However, her excitement died down almost immediately. "These books are in another language, and I'm not fluent."

Chandler raised his flawless face to look at her mockingly. "So you have time to look for excuses, but you don't have the time to use a dictionary?"

"Alright then." Since he was nice enough to lend her the books, she had no reason to refute him.

Erin had just picked up all the books when the door to the office burst open suddenly and a pleasant voice rang out, "Chandy."

Chandler was in disbelief. "Claire, why are you here?"

A young woman in her early 20s walked in. She was roughly 5'4" tall, with clear, unblemished skin, and was the perfect archetype of beauty.

Claire Kane was wearing a white, tight-fitting lace dress and had a sweet smile. Her large eyes were lively, and she practically skipped toward Chandler. She bent down to face him on the couch and pouted, "Chandy, I've been back for a week, and you didn't even come to see me! But I guessed that you must've been busy, so I decided to come see you instead."

Just then, Kyle arrived at the office door and analyzed the scene before him. Luckily, nothing disastrous had happened yet. His expression was frightened. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Frost. Miss Kane had her own elevator card.

Chandler nodded and waved a hand. Kyle nodded and left, gently shutting the doors behind him.

Kyle's comment reminded him that he'd given Claire her own elevator card for easy access to his office before she'd left the country. That's why she was able to bypass Kyle's office and come straight to Chandler's office.

Chandler's expression was soft. "I'm sorry, Claire, it's just that I've been quite busy these days and couldn't make time to see you. I hope you're not upset."

Claire batted her eyelashes at him, "If you go shopping with me tonight, then you're forgiven."

He looked like he wanted to pamper her. "Okay, let's go tonight."

"Chandy, do you have time to eat with me? I haven't had breakfast yet because I wanted to see you." Her voice was naive and sweet.

Watching the angelic woman, Chandler's heart, which had been closed off, started to open up.

His gaze darkened, and he stood up. Even his eyebrows held a hint of joy. "Let's go."

"Yay! Chandy, you're so good to me." Claire had both her hands around his arm and was swinging it like a pampered child.

Just then, Claire noticed the woman standing at the corner of the table tidying up some books. Erin deliberately had her back toward her so Claire couldn't see her face.

"Chandy, who is she?" she asked curiously.

Chandler didn't even look at Erin and simply said, "Just an employee."

His deliberate dismissal of her identity made Erin relax, but to her surprise, it also frustrated her at the same time. She didn't know why she felt this way.

Claire's attention quickly shifted back to Chandler, and she said, "Chandy, do you remember? We used to go to that restaurant near our house, and now it's another fancy restaurant, although it looks like a diner. Why don't we go try it?"

Chandler's voice was gentle and steady. "Sure, whatever you want."

"Chandy, you can't fault me if I order too many dishes and can't finish them okay?"

"Don't be silly; why would I fault you?"

He held her hand and left the office. Erin could still hear their sweet conversation and felt envious. If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she would've never believed that this man could have such a gentle side to him. She didn't know why, but she didn't feel good at all.

She'd been basically invisible to them. Chandler didn't even say goodbye and just left with Claire. She shook her head to shake off these unwarranted feelings of jealousy, then let out a breath and carried the books out of the office.

She took the books to the elevator and thought of the crass and threatening way Chandler treated her. In comparison to her, the way he treated Claire was truly as different as night and day. Women like Claire were born to be pampered. Erin felt a twinge of sadness in her heart. When will her complicated relationship with Chandler end?

Erin was still feeling out of it after returning to her seat, and she suddenly remembered what Kyle had said in the office. Why did he call that male escort "Mr. Frost?"

She had a vague idea why. Erin looked around to ask someone, but she realized that none of the designers were in their seats. Panic flashed through her, and she frantically opened the design department group chat. Indeed, there was a notification for an emergency meeting.

She looked at the time—the meeting started 20 minutes ago!

She was so scared that she quickly grabbed a notebook and pen from her table and rushed to the meeting room.

She gently pushed the glass doors of the meeting room with her body and tried to sneak in unnoticed. Unfortunately, she was immediately called out by Caleb, who had been conducting the meeting. "Erin Lane, come to the front."

At his words, everyone in the silent meeting room followed his gaze to look at Erin.

A few of the designers even had sadistic smiles on their faces.

Everyone knew that the director hated it when his employees were late. Erin was screwed.

Erin's face flushed under the gaze of so many people, and she straightened her back as she walked toward the director.

After she took a seat next to him, he reprimanded her directly. "I will deduct your yearly bonus if you are ever late for meetings again."